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ANNOUNCEMENTS For Congress

We are authorized to announce
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,
of Hopkins county, as a candidate
for Congress from the Second district,
subject to action of the democratic
primary August, 1914.

We are authorized to announce
HON. J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District,
subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

Col. Roosevelt's family requests
that no public reception be given
Teddy when he arrives in New York.

A strong case is being made against
Becker in New York. Many witnesses
are giving testimony that points
conclusively to his guilt in planning
the murder of Rosenthal.

"Silliman" is the name of the
American Consul clapped in jail by
the Mexicans at Saltillo. It is also
the name of every other white man
now remaining in Mexico.—Glasgow
Herald.

The Mediation Conference was
postponed until Wednesday, to allow
Huerta's delegates a stop-over en
route to Niagara Falls. The Mexi-
cans reached Washington Saturday
and asked for a brief respite in the
capital.

New York spent \$2,440,000 to re-
move last winter's snows. Two hun-
dred thousand dollars was saved by
dumping the snow in sewers where-
ever possible. These figures were
made public by the Department of
Street Cleaning.

Two British army aviators, Lieut.
J. Empson, of the Royal Fusiliers,
and Sergeant Dudmore, acting as
mechanics, were killed at North Al-
lerton, during a combined flight by
a squadron of military aeroplanes
from Scotland to Salisbury Plain.

A news item from New York says
that the women of a certain Manhat-
tan congregation accuse their pastor
of "too frequent kissing." That
brings up the question of just how
often a pastor ought to kiss the
members of his flock.—Owensboro
Messenger.

Upon John E. Buckingham, close
business associate and friend, will
fall the principal burden of directing
the work of development begun in
the Eastern Kentucky mountains by
John C. C. Mayo. Although Mr.
Mayo's will has not been made public,
several facts seem to be well un-
derstood regarding it. One is that it is
very short, taking up but one sheet
of legal cap. The most important,
however, is that the entire estate
has been left to Mrs. Mayo without
bond. John E. Buckingham and
Mrs. Mayo have been named as ex-
ecutors.

A week ago Richard Harding Da-
vis gave a detailed account of the
murder of Samuel Parks, an Ameri-
can soldier who became demented
and rode into the Mexican lines. The
Brazilian minister at Mexico City
confirms this news with a report that
Parks was executed. The Ameri-
can government cabled the Brazilian
minister to inform the Huerta gov-
ernment of the strong feeling of the
United States in the matter, direct-
ing him to make vigorous representa-
tions concerning the incident. The
note asked the minister to protest to
the Huerta government that if Parks
were alive, the failure to explain his
whereabouts was in itself an un-
friendly attitude, and that if the
soldier had been executed, as has
been reported, such execution of a

Nearly Smothered.

Chandler, N. C.—Mrs. Augusta
Lomax, of this place, writes: "I had
smothering spells every day, so bad I
expected death at any time. I could
not sit up in bed, I suffered from wo-
manly troubles. My nerves were un-
strung. I had almost given up all
hope of ever being better. I tried
Cardui, and it did me more good
than anything I had ever taken. I am
better now than I ever expected to
be." Thousands of ladies have writ-
ten similar letters, telling of the
merits of Cardui. It relieved their
headache, backache and misery, just
as it will relieve yours, if you will
let. Try Cardui.
Advertisement.

Preferred Locals.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting
building and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.
Advertisement.

Good morning! Have you
seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.
Advertisement.

See our great combination
offer in this issue. This of-
fer expires May 23.

Plants.

Cabbage and tomato plants for
sale. Can send by parcel post. Call
930—W. R. BRUMFIELD.
Advertisement.

Eggs For Setting.

Plymouth Rock eggs for sale at
\$1 to \$1.50 for 15. Phone 94 or 449.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.
Advertisement.

For Rent.

Seven-room cottage on W. 17th
street. Electric light, water and
free sewerage. Rent \$240.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

FOR RENT

The St. Charles Court as a whole
or as private apartments or office
rooms. For full information call
924.—Advertisement.

For Sale

Four H. P. Gasoline tank cooled
International engine, in good con-
dition, at a very low price. May be
seen at PLANTERS HDW. CO.
Advertisement.

The Smithson Water.

My business is increasing daily and
I am now shipping water to other
states. Telephone your order and
water will be delivered to your home
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
L. H. SMITH ON
Advertisement.

5 Successful Singers

Out of 5,000 Pupils

In the June Woman's Home Com-
panion a contributor, who has had
long experience as a singing pupil
and successful opera singer in Eu-
rope, writes an article entitled "To
the Girl Who Wants to Sing," in
which he tells why so many girls fail,
who is to blame, what kind of talent
is really needed, and where to study
to win success. He says that Paris
eleven years ago 5,000 were study-
ing singing. Out of these 5,000 he
can count only 5 who reached suc-
cess.

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The most economical, cleansing and
germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

**A soluble Antiseptic Powder to
be dissolved in water as needed.**

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches
in treating catarrh, inflammation or
ulceration of nose, throat, and that
caused by feminine ill health, no equal.
For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham
Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine
in their private correspondence with

AFTER MANY YEARS

Story of Love and Tragedy as
Told by a Dying
Man.

By EDNA L. BURSLEY.

In the charity ward of one of the
city's largest hospitals a man lay dy-
ing. A dark-robed, sweet-faced nun
sat beside him, trying to persuade him
to see a priest and receive the last
sacrament of the church before his
spirit winged its flight to the judg-
ment seat of God.

"No," said the man, "a priest could
not forgive my sins in God's name, for
God himself will never pardon me.
But, sister, you are a woman, let me
confess my one great sin to you, and
have you forgive me in her name."

The nun thought his mind wan-
dered, but seizing her hand with fev-
erish eagerness, he drew her closer to
the bedside, and begged her not to
refuse him this one last chance of
easing his conscience. She silently
acquiesced, and motioned him to go on.

"It is a long tale of foul crime, and
retributive suffering," he began,
"and before it is ended you, sister,
all gentleness and goodness that you
are, will turn from me in horror and
loathing."

"My father was a wealthy planter
with two sons, myself and a brother
who was my junior by three years.
Our mother died when we were very
young, and as my father never mar-
ried again, we grew to manhood with-
out ever knowing the purifying, re-
straining influence of a woman's love
and guidance. We were educated
North. The summer I attained my ma-
jority, I returned to my father's plan-
tation. I set to work thoroughly to
familiarize myself with all the details
of sugar farming, in order to one day
be able to relieve my father of the
burden of personal management of
his estate.

We had few near neighbors, but I
learned that a widow had leased a
small cottage on our place, and had
come to reside there with her daugh-
ter. I met them both at church the
first Sunday after my return. Yes,
sister, it was just that way, for I
see you anticipate the events that
followed upon that meeting. She did
not seem beautiful to me—no, she was
too slight in person and too immat-
ure in mind for that; but as we rode
home together the flowers, the birds,
the soft blueness of the sky, and the
dazzling sunshine all contributed to
make me think her voice the sweetest
and her laugh the merriest I had ever
heard. We saw much of each other
after that, and I could not help no-
ticing her brightening eyes, and chang-
ing color whenever I approached. A
few weeks after our first meeting we
went for a row on the river.

"Before I was aware of it, I had
whispered honeyed nothings by the
score into her willing ear, and con-
cluded by asking her to marry me.
"I pass over the next few months.
We were very happy until I was seized
by an unaccountable desire to see
something of the life and society in
the large city near by. My father
consented, and shortly after I left
home and took up my residence at one
of the fashionable hotels of the city.
I wrote regularly for a time to my
fiancee, but as invitations to parties,
balls, dinners, Germans and so forth
poured in thicker and faster, my let-
ters ceased altogether. I never even
thought of her unless it was to com-
pare her, and very unfavorably at
that, with the gay belles of fashion
to whose piping I was now dancing.
"A year passed away, and I decided
to make a foreign tour. I went to
Europe, where I idled away three
years. When I again set foot on my
native soil I hastened to my father's
home. He and my brother welcomed
me gladly, and I felt happier than I
had been since I had left them.

"I did not once inquire for my
elusive sweetheart, but when I did,
I was told that she and her mother
were living on our place still. My
brother invited me to go with him to
call upon them that same evening.
I went, and would to God I had not
done so! I saw again the girl I had
so coolly cast aside in the years ago
and in the same moment there flashed
across my soul the deep, unalterable
conviction that she—she was the
only woman I had ever loved, or could
ever love.

"Ah, if you could have seen the
springing step, the laughing eyes,
the radiant bloom of her cheek! And
then the indefinable, irresistible
charm of her manner and conversa-
tion. Another meeting, and I was
mad in love with her. For days I
lived in the doubt, the hope, the ec-
stasy of love, and then came its tor-
turing terror, and chill despondency.
I learned that in a few weeks she
was to wed my brother. I flew to my
room. When I left I was no longer
a man, but a demon, crazy with jeal-
ousy and thirsting for what in my
frenzy I told myself was a just re-
venge.

"I affected delight at my brother's
approaching happiness, and no one
guessed the wild tumult that raged
within my breast. At length their
wedding eve arrived, and from the
porch I could see my brother wend-
ing his way through the fast falling
shades of evening toward the home of
his destined bride. I followed him
furtively, and reaching the strip of
lawn outside the cottage windows,

would take. He remained but a half-
hour with his betrothed, and
when he rose to depart the bright
light and open window brought both
their figures full before my view. I
saw him clasp her in his arms and
press his lips to hers, and then, oh,
God, if I could but wipe that terrible
memory from my heart and mind,
I reached for the revolver I had al-
ways carried about with me, raised
it, and fired!

"I fled home without anyone's see-
ing me, and when a little later my
father came to tell me my brother
had been shot, I accompanied him
to the cottage and did nothing to
arouse the smallest shade of suspi-
cion that my hand had fired that fatal
shot. My brother was still lying
on the floor, and a dark stream flowed
from a hole in his right temple. He
raised his head to mine, and that
look has never ceased to haunt my
mind! I have seen it in the noon-
tide glare, in the dim starlight, in
the roseate dawn, in the flickering
moonlight—it went straight to my
heart and left its burning impress
there forever and forever. I gazed
at him aghast and appalled.

"A low groan broke from his ashen
lips, as he stretched out his hand to
Louise, gasped for breath, and died!
No one ever suspected that I alone
knew the secret of that dark night.
My father sickened and died from
grief at the loss of his younger son,
and I was left to wander o'er the
earth, and seek, but all in vain, to
blot that scorching, intolerable agony
of memory and remorse from my
mind. I have spent my inheritance
and the best years of my life search-
ing for Louise, that I might go down
on my knees, confess all, and entreat
her forgiveness. Now I am dying,
and God, in his wrath and justice,
has withheld this boon. Tell me, sis-
ter. You are weeping. Tell me, do
you think that the woman whose
youth I darkened, whose happiness
I blasted for all time, could ever have
forgiven me?"

Slowly the nun raised her head,
and her face was gloriously transfig-
ured by the flood of divine compas-
sion that shone in her tear-dimmed
eyes.

"Yes, Armin Leslie, I am sure she
would," was the answer, "for I am
Louise Merton, and from my heart I
both pity and forgive you."

"Louise!" cried the dying man, "are
you indeed Louise Merton? And you
can pity and forgive? Ah, then
surely God the Creator cannot be less
merciful than his creature? Say
those words again. How blessed is
the sound!"

She knelt beside the bed, took his
hand in hers, and as the gentle voice
repeated the assurance his soul had
hungered for through many a weary
year, the angel of death spread his
wings o'er the penitent and Armin
Leslie was no more.

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SOMETHING OF PHENOMENON

Lucid Explanation That Should Have
Done Away With All Need of
Further Argument.

A workman, endeavoring to explain
to one of his mates what a phenom-
enon was, made the following attempt:
"It's like this. Suppose you were to
go out into the country and see a field
of thistles growing."

"Yes," assented his friend.

"Well, that would not be a phenom-
enon!"

"No, that's quite clear," agreed the
other man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark
singing away up in the sky."

"Yes."

"Well, that would not be a phenom-
enon!"

"No, that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the
field."

"Yes," his friend could imagine that.

"Even that would not be a phenom-
enon."

"No."

"But now, Bill, look here. Suppose
you saw that bull sitting on them
thistles whistling like a lark—well
that would be a phenomenon!"

Idle Curiosity.

"Suppose," said the solemn consti-
tuent, "that the Congressional Record
decided to put in some modern edi-
torial improvements."

"Well," said Senator Sorghum, po-
litely.

"And suppose it got up one of those
columns entitled 'Things Worth Know-
ing.'"

"Yes?"

"Do you reckon they'd print any of
your speeches in that column?"

The Autocrat.

"I suppose you are going to take
summer boarders next year?" said the
man who looks ahead.

"No," replied Farmer Cornetseed;
"we don't take boarders any more.
But if city people want to come an'
eat their food on the place without
givin' me the trouble of shippin' it,
maybe I kin make the prices a little
cheaper."

An Ordeal.

"You never tell funny stories?"

"Never. When you tell a funny story
it's always painful to watch the other
fellow trying to conceal his impatience
for you to get through and let him
tell one."

Quite Different.

Client—Good gracious! What a
caricature.

Painter—Excuse me; that's a por-

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it
has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation,
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Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

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